The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 3.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Leader, *Gertrude A. Chandler*, '79	33
Silvern,—A Poem, *Mary Russell Bartlett*, '79	34
Address on Rural Life, *H. F. Durant*	34
The Week, *Emily I. Meader*, '91	40
College Notes, *Theodora Kyle*, '91	42
Auld Acquaintance, *Edith S. Tufts*, '84	42
Our Letter from Athens, *Emily Norcross*, '80	43
Inter-Collegiate News, *Mary W. Bates*, '92	45
Our Outlook, *Mary Barrows*, '90	45
Waban Ripples	46
Magazine Reviews, *Mary Barrows*, '90	46
Book Reviews, *Sarah M. Bock*, '90	47

WELLESLEY, MASS., OCTOBER 5, 1889.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, OCTOBER 5, 1889. No. 3.

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

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PUBLISHER, - - - WILLIS F. STEVENS.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to MISS LAUDERBURN, through the "Prelude" box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the college should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all other business communications should be sent, *in all cases*, to the Publisher, Willis F. Stevens, Wellesley, Mass.

Entered at the Wellesley Post Office as second-class matter.

IN coming back to the college after an absence of years, one is undeniably a victim, at first, to many and conflicting sensations; equally undeniable is it that the surprise and pleasure afforded by the sight of the changes wrought here by time, are not, after all, as great as the comfort of finding that which time has not changed. We who lived without Stone Hall or any of the cottages,—though the fame of the beauty of these has reached our ears, and though we find the half had not been told us—we must first pass these by, and satisfy the hunger of heart and eyes after ten year's exile upon the dear old Main Building, the original pile of brick and stone that once upon a time held all of Wellesley that there was. We are comforted again to find the beautiful lake just the same as in our day, for we even then knew that nothing could make it more beautiful than it was.

But mingled with the pleasure of the new and the comfort of the blessed old Wellesley, stirs ever a sense of loss and pain that will not be put aside. Where is that erect, manly form that used to be so active and alert to keep pace with the thousand errands on which an unceasingly active mind and eager, loving heart were ever sending it hither and yon, for the pleasure of his girls and the improvement of the place? Where is the longed-for greeting flashed forth from those keen, searching eyes, the light of a finely-cut face that looked too young to be set off by such beautiful white hair? Will he not overtake us again in the corridors some day and, turning to us, with a few enthusiastic remarks, kindle our interest on whatever subject occupies his mind? Shall we never again see him after all are assembled in chapel for morning devotions come swiftly up the aisle to the desk to give us some message that God had given him? Never again sit spell-bound under his masterly reasonings, his soulful pleadings as he shows us that giving of ourselves to God is but our "*reasonable* service," or as he dwells upon the "therefore" that identifies those who have "washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb" with those who are "before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His temple?" At such times did he best reveal the height and depth of his desires for us, his great family of girls. He had laid plans broad and far-reaching for our higher education; he believed in our intellectual possibilities; he placed us in the most beautiful surroundings, enriched our home with works of art, and brought to us the best of music, that the aesthetic side of our natures might be duly developed; and he left naught undone for our physical well-being that he could conceive as desirable. Yet all of this did not cover his heart's desire for us, nor his ultimate aim. That was ever and always that we might give ourselves to Christ who had given Himself for us—that we might enrich our minds and beautify our lives all for His service, who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Did any one seem unwilling to rise to this great thought and become transformed by its power, his thoughts and efforts were unceasing that that one be reached.

Other colleges have their fine buildings and their endowments, but what other can show the record of a friend like this, who thus gave not merely his fortune, but *himself* to the girls whose welfare he sought?

His acquaintance with the individual circumstances of the majority of the students was marvellous. A little experience of my own may, perhaps, be given as a fair sample of the way his timely counsel helped many a one over hard places. It was Sophomore year, and Spherical Trigonometry was the rock on which I stumbled and nearly fell from my regular course. My case was a special one, as I had been laid aside from lessons about a week, and that dreadful Spherical Trigonometry was relentlessly rolling on without me, the class accumulating knowledge every day, while I was left behind with my little ball of Theorems and Formulæ which I must now roll about all by myself without any of the class impetus, till it waxed as large as that which the class had been comfortably pushing ahead of them while I had been abed. The task seemed hopeless. I began to see lions in the way of returning for a full course there anyway, and if so, why should I toil over this uncongenial study? Sympathizing friends, thinking only of the need of that moment, echoed "Why, indeed?" and thus convinced, I stated my case so strongly to the necessary authority that in a moment the deed was done, and I was transferred from the rank of Regulars to that of the Specials and thought myself well content. That evening Mr. Durant heard of it and sent for me, and it needed but very few of his hopeful, helpful words to make me feel strong enough to see how weak I had been, and his hearty assurance that some way would surely open for me to return to college to finish my course left me no alternative but to meekly agree to go on fighting my fight, and I returned to my room to have my day's experience startlingly impressed upon my mind by the verse for the day that met my eye a little later. It read: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel which sent thee this day to meet me, and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou,"—words which I am sure can be gratefully adopted as the language of many and many a heart that has been helped, cheered, uplifted and ennobled by personal contact with our personal friend, our Greatheart.

Gertrude A. Chandler, '79.

SILVERN.

[Written in undergraduate days for the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Durant.]

A silver gleam creeps over yonder lake
At morning when it smileth to the sun;
Let silver gladness o'er the waters break,
Along whose winding, widening path has run
The swift-sailed boat wherein these twain embarked,
And, dipping first the happy, mated oars,
Still left each passing day-voyage whitely marked
With a pure, silvery wake betwixt the shores.
O silver, silver fall the crystals bright
Of founts that cool the weary traveller's lip!
O silver, silver drop the deeds of light
From hands of these two sailors in one ship!
Here fold thy pinions, Music, and awake
A silver symphony for this night's sake.

Mary Russell Bartlett, '79.

"Ah, pause a moment! Reverently listen
To one dear voice, whose music lingers low
Wherever Waban's tranquil waters glisten
And Waban's violets blow.

ADDRESS ON RURAL LIFE.

Delivered before the Norfolk Agricultural Society, Sept. 28th, 1859.

BY HENRY F. DURANT.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is very true that I am not here to-day to attempt to give you any instruction in agriculture, scientific or practical; I have no claims to be heard upon such subjects, and I am very much afraid that if I should make the attempt you would all laugh at my farming. I understood very well when I was requested to address you upon the subject of which you have heard, that this day and occasion were not devoted solely to an interchange of experience and opinions upon the important practical questions, the old knowledge, the new lights, the experiments, the success, and the progress of agriculture. These, indeed, are among the foremost objects of your association, but there is a common ground where we can all meet to learn something from each other. There are other objects in this Society, there are other uses in agriculture, than the growing of corn merely. There are other lessons to be learned in the wide fields and the green meadows, than the art of the best soils, and manures, and crops. The country has other instructions than in thrift, and good husbandry, and we shall do well to pause for a while, even in the

bustle and excitement of a day like this, to interchange our thoughts upon the objects and uses, the influences, the ends, and the aims of this rural life — this home in the country which we can all share and enjoy, and by which, if we will, we can all be improved and elevated. Let us try, then, to understand this mystery of living. Let us search out the keys of these secrets and riddles which surround us. Let us endeavor to understand what this life in the country is. Let us know whether it is indeed good for us to be here.

Do not fear that I am about to inflict upon you any of those sentimentalities of sweet rural felicity, which were at one time so much in fashion. The day of that unreal pastoral poetry is over. All those pictures of wonderful shepherdesses, with unimaginable crooks, and most extraordinary flounces, tending gentle sheep, only less simple than themselves, while their faithful swains, in doublet and hose, the very pink and point device of fashion, piped all the dreary day their love and happiness, until one is fain to believe that even an anticipated hour of that purgatory in which good Catholics believe, would have been a relief,— all these are gone, or live only in the fading paper hangings of some quiet old mansion, or in the more faded pages of Laura Matilda, and the Della Cruscan school.

We are too practical, too much in earnest, too thoughtful also, to accept these vague, unreal dreams, or to be satisfied with such views of rural life.

What is this living then — this life — whether it be life in the city, or in the country? It is education — education in the largest and widest sense, *that* is the great mystery of life. We are not here to pass away a measured number of years only, a pebble can do that, the dumb beasts do that: we are here to educate, to unfold, to develop ourselves. Not the education of schools or college, or books alone, but the education of living, the development of heart as well as brain, of the affections and moral nature, as well as the understanding — and of those higher faculties, which are the earnest and the prophecy of that other life, for which they are unfolding, even as the wings of the fledgling in unfolding, are the promise and prophecy of his future migrations, beyond the mountain and across the wide ocean. I hold then, that beyond all question, as compared with city life, this life in the country, for all the objects and ends of this *real* culture and education, gives to man, not only the best, but the indispensable opportunities and advantages: the only text books, the true great library, the real instruction, the best teachers.

Although this theme is far too wide for any address like this, let us examine it in a few aspects, and consider a few thoughts, at least, which may be suggestions, leading to future meditation and reflection.

First, then, in a practical and utilitarian point of view, merely, this rural life educates and instructs us all, and repeats its lessons daily and hourly, from the cradle to the grave. There are higher ends in life, most certainly, than its merely utilitarian and practical necessities. There are higher objects of knowledge than what we call common sense. There are nobler pursuits than making money or owning houses and lands. But the daily lessons of utility, the practical duties and obligations of life, are necessary. You know very well that the ripe juices, the enriching sweetness of corn and grain, would all be worthless and in vain, if it were not for the hard and tasteless flint, the silex which forms the supporting stalk and stem of the waving grain and the golden corn. Even so is it with life: there are laws which we must obey, and hard and distasteful lessons which we must learn — supporting and sustaining lessons of prudence, of utility, and of practical duty.

Reflecting upon these subjects, I cannot but believe, that foremost among the daily lessons of life in the country, is nature's harsh, but kindly democracy, not the democracy of parties, but that lofty and genuine republican democracy, which is higher than politics or parties — the democracy which teaches us the dignity of labor — the true self-respect and independence that we gain, when for the first time we *realize* the great truth which nature teaches, that the only real life of a true man is devoted to patient, thoughtful labor. Let us not shrink away from this first aspect of rural life as if from a harsh teacher, for this law is the lesson of a mother's love, and with it we hear from the same voices — of the dignity of labor, of the happiness which labor alone can give.

If we listen more earnestly, if we look higher, we

learn, too, that labor is the only true nobility, that work truly is *worship*. This is not the lesson of every day life and experience only, but it leads to loftier ends also. Remember the brilliant example of that great man who has told us, in the story of his "Schools and Schoolmasters," the influences of nature and this rural life upon his own culture. Hugh Miller, the wonderful stone mason of Cromarty, learned and practiced these lessons well, and he hammered away, year after year, at the wild quarries of the Old Red Sandstone, until they surrendered up the secrets which had been given to their keeping unnumbered ages ago, and in toil and sorrow, and gladness and deep exultation, he read there the wondrous story of the rocks, the marvellous annals of Creation.

Think of this for a moment, as it reveals itself to us in the practical form of one fundamental law of life — the great law of "No work, no wages!"

We sometimes hear the complaint, "Oh, I have no luck; every thing you do seems to prosper, but all I do, goes wrong!" Not so; the law is, you must work if you wish for wages. Life is not to be trifled with, it deals in no chances, no good luck, but in *certainties* only. The great wheels revolve invisibly, slowly, but just as surely, just as inevitably as machinery. The laws of nature, the sure sunrise, the sure sunset, winter and summer are not more unchanging than the great laws of life, which, whoso will, can read. Life deals with certainties only: and the harvest doth not roll its great golden waves in the West winds of Autumn, unless the seed were sown months ago in the Spring.

In the city this is not so: there are more fluctuating waves in the current of life. Men grow suddenly rich, or poor; property doubles in value, or it becomes worthless. A prosperous adventure, a bold speculation — Lord Timothy Dexter's "warming-pan voyage to the West Indies," a rise in stocks — all these may bring fortune, as well as a life of prudent industry; and, although my settled conviction is that all these even are the results of invariable laws, not of what we without reflection call chance or luck, yet the proofs are not so obvious, the great chain and sequence of cause and effect is not so easy to understand as here in the country.

On the contrary, how intelligible are the lessons of prudence, of foresight, of thoughtfulness, which the farmer's life teaches him. No day but brings its duty, no season but brings its necessary labor. The farmer does not talk of luck or chance, or believe that a fortunate rise in stocks will fill his barns. The seed *must* be sown — but that is not all; nature never gambles; she has taught him that she never deals in chances; the seed *must* be good — the ground *must* be ploughed. He may manure his land well or ill, but he knows there is no chance about it; — unless he manures his fields, they tell him we have no good luck for you; real estate may rise without manure, but corn will *not*.

The corn must be cultivated too, and weeded, and cared for, stocks and merchandise may increase in value without your labor, the root of all evil may grow without cultivation — no other root but weeds only will — and whether that is not a very noxious and dangerous weed, is a question about which there are many opinions. This is but one illustration; consider in how many forms these lessons are repeated to you in your daily life; consider of how many prudent virtues they are the necessary foundation.

Do they not teach you also that the same laws regulate your social position, your moral being? If you neglect your duties to your neighbors, do you hope to have their esteem? If your life is a daily routine of dishonesty, do you expect to be in good repute? If your life is immoral and dissipated, does it not wear away yourself, your name, your mind, and your moral nature?

Daily, almost hourly, even in the city, although repeated in more doubtful and difficult language, do I see new proofs of that other, but similar law— an opportunity never comes back again. But in the country this is always before you. Does the seed-time come back again ever? Can you ever put off until to-morrow the duty of to-day? Were I to sum this all up in one word, there is but one which I know comprehensive enough to embrace it all, and that is indeed a word full of meaning — labor! "Thou shalt labor" is the commandment which life daily repeats to us. Every man has his task set before him, and the duty of patient, thoughtful labor is his blessing; or, neglected, it becomes his bane. Let us reason together upon this subject, and we shall find that there is in all

this the deepest cause for gratitude. It is an answer also to those complaints of which I spoke — those grumbling complaints, so unworthy of a true man. How often do you hear it said, how often too, do you repeat it,—"Oh! my farm is poor, this New England soil is barren, the West is the only place for farmers!" or "I am too poor to farm to advantage," or, "my education was neglected. I cannot go ahead and better my condition, like my neighbor so and so,"— or worst of all, "I have no luck, every thing has turned against me." All this is false, unspeakably false. These are not the lessons of living, grumble them hourly if you will, sit sulking like a child in the corner, and let the world go by you if you will; but these are not true; on the contrary there is no New England farmer, who reflects, who really does his *own thinking*, but thanks God daily that his heritage is given to him here in this cold clime; on this soil which yields to labor only, rewards labor only. A true man does not grumble because he was not born with a golden spoon in his mouth; he knows that gold is a *soft* metal and does not wear well—iron is better. There is no one here to-day who is *any thing*, who has *made* himself any thing, who feels that he is a living, real man—who does not in his heart of hearts thank Heaven that he was not born rich.

How false and shallow is this complaint of one's lot in life, this complaint of our toils and labors. The exact truth is, that the primal curse, as we call it, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is a blessing in disguise, perhaps the highest blessing. This is the real and earnest belief of our age: the age of iron is passed, and the age of gold is passing away: the age of labor is coming; already we speak of the dignity of labor, and the phrase is any thing but an idle and unmeaning one; it is a true gospel to the man who takes in its full meaning; the nation that understands it is free, and independent, and great. The dignity of labor is but another name for liberty. The chivalry of labor is now the battle cry of the old world, and the new. We hear it from England, great, brave old England; sometimes, too, though more faintly and doubtfully, from sorrowful, struggling Italy. Cherish these brave thoughts, then, in your hearts; let those noble words, the dignity of labor, be your battle cry, as you fight the battle of life. The age proclaims these truths at last; but nature, the green fields, the waving harvests, proclaimed them long ago. Ask your cornfields to what mysterious power they do homage and pay tribute, and they will answer, to labor. In a thousand forms nature repeats the truth, that the laborer alone is what we call respectable—is alone worthy of praise and honors and rewards. In other years, men paid almost divine honors to the successful heroes, in their bloody wars; the soldiers returned home in stately procession, and triumphal arches were built in their honor, with silken banners fluttering from their sides, and bright garlands adorning their sculptured stones. These splendid structures were the tribute which man in those bygone days paid to the victorious soldier; but nature does honor to her peaceful soldier still, and as every humble laborer seeks his home at nightfall, a more majestic arch of triumph soars above him, and he marches bravely forward, conscious of a day of duty, and of successful toil, under that eternal arch, which was builded when the foundations of the great deep were laid. The sunset flings silken banners of crimson and gold along its stately sides, and the constellations from its deep blue vaults hang garlands there, in clusters of those holy stars which are the perennial flowers of heaven.

Our fathers had this lesson of life, this lesson of self-respect, this lesson of the value, the nobility, the dignity of labor, taught to them in earnest long ago. The wide ocean divided them from royal power, and from the bonds of wealth and rank and custom; the woods and the forests taught them to work if they would live; taught them, too, that the man who changed the wild-wood and dreary marsh to happy home, had done *something*, was a *man*, was better and more to be respected than the rich man, who might purchase or inherit it; taught them that the tangled bushes and the rank weeds and the grey moss would grow over the man who did not work—taught them that the man who could rule his farm, could rule himself; and, finally, when they came to open their eyes and look into the matter, taught them all at once that they were the real kings, and had been kings all the while, not somebody's son over the sea.

This was the democracy which nature then taught to them, and repeats to us to-day. I love to remember what naturalists have told us, that the

symbol of industry, the "busy bee," was unknown to America before our Fathers came here. The Indians called it the "fly of the English," and learned to dread its approach. Even now, in the western prairies, the bee is the scout and the pioneer of civilization.

Let us complain no more, then, of labor and toil; let us talk no more of disadvantages and opportunities and poverty, and self-made men. The man who does not labor has no right here; he is in the way, the busy world crowds him out of the path; opportunities and advantages are all around us, but they are for the men who wake up, and open their eyes in the morning, not for fops and sluggards. To be born poor is a blessing, not a curse; the only real poverty is inside the man, not outside, and all men who are made at all, are self-made men. Schools are good tools, and colleges and books, but they must have men, not children to use them. There is one great true book written by the finger of God, and its pages are opened all around us, of which those other books are after all only poor and partial translations; the true book is written as of old, on tables of stone, written not in ink, but in letters of light, and the wide sky, and the wonderful ocean, and the mysterious forests, and the green, cool meadows, and the dreaming flowers, and bird, and tree, and man, are its living pictures and illuminations. This, then, is your birthright, and your inheritance; not a life of wealth, and ease, and repose, but a life of brave toil and trust. Accept this heritage with joy and gladness, work while it is yet day. Let your life be like the tree, which pauses not in its climbing, until it has reached its ordained height,—the tree which, although rooted in the dark, cold ground, struggles towards the light, and stretches out its great limbs, tossing and striving upwards, towards the sky. Take this thought with you, but take it in better words than mine—in the words of our noble American poet, Longfellow, whose great true thoughts have found fit utterance in a psalm, a real psalm of life—a fit poem for America:

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

But this rural life does not deal in utility alone, or in the practical teachings of life and duty only, it has its lessons for the heart, its influences upon the affections, its sweet, kindly story of home. It seems a paradox to say that you separate men by uniting them, and yet it is true. In the country you live on your farm, and you have neighbors, though they live half a mile away. In the city you live in a block, and you know not even the name of the family at your next door. In the country, nature, by constant laws, teaches that you are not sufficient for yourself alone. You are dependent on your neighbors in a thousand ways, you need friendship and sympathy. You must borrow and lend, you must help and be helped. In sickness and health, in sorrow and joy, in wealth and in poverty, there must be a perpetual interchange of good offices.

As we turn over the leaves of this wondrous book, there is one page in which are inscribed the loftiest thoughts, the noblest lessons, the most beauteous pictures of life. There is one word which sounds and swells with universal music to every heart—a music of fears and hopes, of memories, of joys and sorrows, the one old dear word of "Home!" How many thoughts cling and cluster around it. How many memories rush unbidden with the word—of the past as well as of the present—of those early days which we would fain recall, of that old house in the country which we loved so well, of those green shadows which have passed away—those vanished shadows, and the children playing in the shadows, which we can see far off, as if in some beautiful dream. The light that is not on the land or sea, lingers always around those hours, and hallows them forever.

Who is there among you who does not recall the picture of a happy New England home, seen from the highway, as we journey along at eventide; or seen in the sweet, sacred memories of other years. You seem to feel the hush of peace and repose, which dwell beneath the drooping elm trees that shade and guard the door. The last rays of the sunset are fading in dissolving beauty in the West, and in their soft light you can see the farmer who, by his thoughtful labor, has well earned his repose. He is resting there in the wide porch, looking out

over his well tilled fields, watching the last fading traces of the sunset, the first trembling beams of the evening star, as he will watch one day for another sunset, and for another evening star, and will know that it is his morning star also. Beside him is the wife and mother—for what would be the picture of a home if woman's sweet influence and empire were forgotten? We should miss the flame on the altar, the fire on the hearth, the angel in the house, if her form were wanting there. Flowers are growing in the shelter of the porch, but fairer flowers are blooming in the shelter of that quiet home. Her daughters are with her, not languid and pale, but as fresh and modest as the dewy rosebuds, half opening by the porch. On the grass, a little apart, the boys are gathered;—a little apart for with a growing sense of manliness they are beginning to separate themselves, and lay their own plans for the future, studying out what independence means—and over all bends God's beautiful sky; over them all flows softly that deep blue boundless river, which we call eternity.

As a contrast with all this, think of the homes of the poor in the city. The country spreads a tender, kindly grace over even the home of poverty; the green trees wave gently over the ruinous cottage; the green moss conceals and adorns its decay; the wild rose and the soft-eyed violet grow on the grassy bank. But in the city, the poor live in narrow, squalid rooms, where the sunshine can never bring in its blessing.

We build stately churches, and endow costly hospitals, but the homes of the poor are always the city's shame. I must not now dwell upon that subject. It is the great reform which the hour demands, the reform which we must make, or it will be made one day in a rough, wild way—demanded by justice, by charity, by policy, by the love of our country. But I turn to a fairer picture.

A southern friend said to me lately, I have been in every State of our Union, but there is nothing so beautiful after all as a New England village. There is an air of refinement and good taste about the houses and gardens, a certain neatness and propriety, which is seen in no other part of the country. I confess that this flattery is very pleasing, for it is significant of many things. This wish to adorn our homes is a silent recognition of the truth, that there is something more than mere use and thrift in the minds of our people. The house is not a shelter only from the seasons; it is the temple and altar of our affections.

Near the ancient dwelling-place of the Natick Indians there is an old farm-house, with two vast, majestic elms before it, of which a significant story is told. When the Puritan preacher in those bygone days settled there on that green slope by the river Charles, he conciliated the natives by his sympathy and kindness, and soon taught them to love and respect him. He had lived there but a few months, when the Indians brought two young elm trees from the forest, and with much form and solemnity, planted them before his door. He asked their meaning, and they told him that they were "trees of peace." These trees of peace were only slender saplings then, which a child could carry in his hand, but they have grown to be monumental trees, venerable in their majestic beauty. The Puritan settler, stern but kindly, the red men, with their dark unfathomable eyes, have vanished away, and rest beneath their shade no more; the old house is fast falling to decay; the trees, too, will fade and fall some day, but those old, simple words have a more enduring life. I never look upon those trees, but the words "trees of peace," return again with sweet, soothing music. Yes, those words have their own natural music, and will not leave off their singing. Trees of peace! Can you not see those vast grey, gigantic arms stretching out over the roof-tree to shelter and protect that quiet home—dropping down their rich clusters of green leaves, and waving them to and fro with soft music in the sweet sunshine?—dropping down their deep shadows on the soft turf? Can you not look back to those old days, and see the young children playing in the grass; and the wild flowers playing like children in the shadows? Those shadows seem deeper, and the green turf seems softer for those old simple words of promise, and I have come at last to feel that every man who plants an elm tree to shelter and adorn the home of his affections, the home of wife and child, plants a "tree of peace there." The Indian still sends it from out the wild woodlands; the sweet sunshine and the quiet shadows promise him peace and rest beneath its shade.

[*Continued.*]

THE WEEK.

Rev. Mr. Phipps of Newton Highlands preached in the chapel Sunday morning, September 29. His text was found in 1 John 1 : 3 : "And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." The chief thought of the sermon was the intimacy, the close friendship that exists between God and the Christian. All that makes a Christian is an intimacy begun with Christ; a simple, easy thing to do, yet how many there are giving their souls for this world's goods and pleasures, because, they argue, how difficult the Christian life must be. They have not learned that Christ is waiting to be their Friend, and such a friend as they can not find in all the earth, for He has given His life for their life. The only way to save one who has sold his birthright is to bring him into the love of God, into the friendship of God, so that he may know what the Christian life is, what hope, peace and joy it gives, since there is a Friend who is always by his side, to help, to comfort and to reward.

* * *

Directly after dinner, on Friday evening, Sept. 27, Society Hall was opened with an informal reception to the members of Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha. The first remark of each girl on entering the room was, "Oh, how pretty!" followed by admiring glances and more expressions of admiration. The room well deserves the pride and the pleasure which it seems to excite in in the minds of all who have seen it. For, although simple, the artistic arrangement and coloring make the whole effect charming. The tints of the ceiling and walls blend most harmoniously. The ceiling is pale yellow, and the upper part of the walls a shade bordering upon Roman pink, and stamped with a self-colored pattern. The dado is a rich mahogony, with the design of half-spread fans all over the rough surface. The floor is covered with matting. The most noticeable article of furniture is the polished oak table, which may well make its designers, the presidents of the two societies, proud. It is finished with a slide at one side for the recording secretary, and the chairs for the president and secretary are of oak to match the table, and with leather seats the shade of the dado. Beside the table stands the tripod supporting the Zeta Alpha lamp; while, across the room, the Phi Sigma owl blinks from his perch on a small square table, which is further ornamented by copies of "Life." A large rocking-chair, white touched with gold, with a Phi Sigma colored plush cushion, looks invitingly comfortable. On the other side of the room, another white and gold chair, straight and with a blue cushion, is placed beside a dainty triangular oak table. On this table a blue-lined dish gives another touch of the Zeta Alpha color. The societies can boast three pieces of bric-a-brac. The furniture matches the oak finishings of the room, or repeats the color of the dado. The chairs admirably combine comfort and beauty, and a home-like atmosphere pervades the whole room. All the furniture has not yet arrived, and there is to be a piano. The room will be open always for the members of the societies, and, like the Faculty parlor, at certain times for guests.

* * *

On Saturday evening, September 28, Stone Hall Parlor again opened her hospitable doors to the Shakespeare Society and its friends. While we regret the absence of many familiar faces, we have yet to congratulate ourselves upon having so large a number with whom to begin the year's work and pleasure. The membership roll numbers at present twenty-seven.

The play which has been the subject of study for the past few months is one which was most fitting for the summer vacation, and we trust that many have read it under the inspiration of a real midsummer night, or at least have taken it with them,—

> "To a field of yellow broome,
> Or into the meadows where
> Mints perfume the gentle air,
> And where Flora spreads her treasures."

The program for the evening was as follows:

A MID SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

1. Shakespeare News, - - - Miss Brackett.
2. Study of Plot, - - - - Miss Dunlap.
3. Paper—Lyrics in Mid Summer Night's Dream, Course I, No. 1, - - - Miss Reed.
4. Song—Ariel's song from "The Tempest," Miss Pleasants.
5. Themes from Shakespeare, Course IV, No. 14. Subject,—Plays within Plays, Miss Morton.
6. Dramatic Representation. Selections from Act III, Sc. 1, and Act V, Sc. 1.

Pyramus,	Miss Magone.
Thisbe,	Miss Young.
Lion,	Miss Stevens.
Moonshine,	Miss Squires.
Wall,	Miss Orton.
Prologue,	Miss Morrill.

The papers were unusually interesting, all showing symphathetic and thoughtful study of the play. It would be as hard to describe the dramatic representation, as Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling found it to personate Wall and Moonshine. The different parts were rendered with much spirit and

zest, and the whole performance was most grotesque and ludicrous.

* * *

On Monday, September 30, one more Sophomore reception added itself to the long ranks of predecessors. The day was a busy one for loyal '92s. All day long they worked steadily on their decorations, and the halls were crowded with girls hurrying to and fro, collecting all sorts of bric-a-brac. Such an accumulation as filled the centre was enough to fill the order-loving heart with despair; but patient labor told, and when, late in the afternoon, the decoration committee departed, they were tired—but happy. And, indeed, they had reason to be. Never had the college looked more inviting. The usual number of graceful portieres and soft rugs covered the bare doors and the unpretentious matting. The usual number of dainty scarfs were draped here and there, and the usual number of easels filled in lonesome spots One thing that was not usual, was the flowers. Windows were banked high with delicate blue chicory, and, in dusky corners, branches of scarlet leaves showed glowing masses of color. On one side of the first floor centre was a triumph of an oak bower. Here those busy officers, the Sophomore factotums, dispensed souvenirs, and they could not have asked for a prettier place. On the other side, by the aid of tall plants, an ingenious little retreat was formed. It looked so delightfully comfortable that it provoked a remark from some one not fortunate enough to be a '92 or a '93, to the effect that if she were one of those tired Sophomores she would let her Freshman play on the banjo, while she herself took an easy chair and went to sleep.

But you may be sure there were no signs of sleepiness in the Sophomores that evening. They were as wide-awake and as entertaining as if they had not been hard at work and were not conscious of the fact that Tuesday's schedule was not adapted to Monday's festivities. The scene was inspiring. The halls were full of gaily dressed girls who were going through with a marvellous number of introductions, together with a little mathematical calculation as to how many names they should remember on the morrow. The Freshmen were proudly sporting their souvenirs, which were hollow acorn cups, containing a little scroll with some such appropriate sentiment as this:—

"Bon bons and sweetmeats are deemed violations,
In the list of the rules and regulations."

Peculiar care was taken to make the refreshment room attractive. The wise precaution was taken of draping the bulletin boards so that not one gruesome notice was visible. This was thoughtful: for imagine some happy person tranquilly enjoying cream and ices, becoming suddenly aware that a Chemistry or Geometry notice was staring her in the face! Do you not think her appetite would wane?

Not the least part of the evening was the music. It was simply indescribable. The words were so bright and the singing so good that nothing more was needed to bring home to everyone the striking originalty and genius of '92. Long may her name be bright in the annals of the College!

* * *

On Monday evening, Sept. 30, the Special organization gave a reception welcoming into their midst the new Specials. The reception was held at the third floor centre, which in its holiday aspect could scarcely have been recognized had it not been that the bell still stood in its accustomed position. Moreover the bell was so festooned with branches of autumn leaves and bunches of frost flowers, that it took a second glance for one to make sure of its identity. Cosey corners, with soft cushions, gave delightful opportunities for rest to those specially weary with promenading. Autumn leaves and flowers were used in decoration, and rugs and portieres, easels and screens were artistically arranged in effective places. Copies of the various college annuals were scattered about. On a table at one side, behind a mass of cannas, was an album containing pictures of old Specials; also two great bunches of red and white carnations; each new girl had a white pink, perhaps a trifle streaked with red to denote some share of experience, while the deep-dyed ones were given to the old girls. The favors were tiny clothes-pins with which to pin on loyalty. They were marked with the date, and tied with the colors, blue and white, in an ingenious knot. The third floor presented a double advantage in the possibilities of watching the charming scene below as well as the cherubs above. Refreshments were served,—ice cream and wafers and small cakes. The reception altogether was a very pleasant one, fully enjoyed by both new and old girls. Miss Shafer and Mrs. Durant were guests during the evening, also many members of the Faculty.

☞ Miss Emily Howard Foley will receive subscriptions for the PRELUDE every morning (except Sunday and Monday) from 10.35 to 10.55 o'clock, in the Second Floor Centre. Single copies and back numbers can also be obtained of her at that time.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Among the many visitors last week, none were more welcome than Miss Bessie Vail, special '89, and Miss Nellie Adams, formerly of '91.

Miss Dingley, special student from '85 to '89, and Miss Anna Dingley spent Sunday with their friends at the Freeman. They were en route for New York, whence they sail on the City of Paris, Oct. 2, for a European trip. They expect to reside abroad a year, passing the winter in Berlin. We shall hope to welcome them to Wellesley on their return.

Zeta Alpha seemed to derive inspiration from her new surroundings, thus making her first meeting, held Saturday evening, Sept. 28, a happy success. The Nineteenth Century was tried before a dignified judge, apparently greatly bored, and an irrepressible jury. The eloquence of the counsellors electrified the audience, who were loth to have the end come, when the judge solemnly sentenced the criminal to death in ten years, three months and two days.

Last Saturday afternoon, the College was a second time favored by a visit from Col. Albert Pope, the generous donor of the '89 tricycle, who was this time accompanied by his brother, Mr. Arthur Pope. The Senior crew most kindly entertained them by taking them out on the lake and the gentlemen certainly greatly sweetened the time thus spent by the liberal distribution of boxes of candy. After visiting the Art Gallery, Col. Pope and his brother, with Misses Hill and Wood, dined at Norumbega with several of the '89 girls, and early in the evening the gentlemen left with Miss Hill to visit her special province, the gymnasium, and to drive back to Auburndale.

The social season at Wellesley opened with great eclat on the night of Monday, September 30. While the customary receptions to the new students were in brilliant progress on the first, second and third floor centres, eight members of the Senior class gave a small but delightful German in the gymnasium. Fourteen couples danced, led by Miss Norton and Miss Gowans, who were charmingly distinguished by the colors of '90. A number of guests were present who performed the not ungraceful part of wall-flowers, applauding with enthusiasm the prettier figures in constantly changing combinations of color and form. Heliotrope and gold were used in all the favors, and the class flower was the prize in the last figure. The affair was pronounced one of the most elegant in Wellesley. Doubtless it will have many gay successors.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

'79's Decennial.—Are you interested, gentle reader, in antiquities? Then, and only then, will you care to know that eight of us, plus the four year old class baby, had our re-union last July, at Magnolio. To quote from the classics on the subject,—

There was a jolly old crowd at Magnolio,
Whose doings would fill quite a folio.
They thought they were young,
But 'twas on every tongue
That they were as old as Sapolio.

Realization is often marred by contrast with anticipation, but here was a glowing exception. To quote again,—"O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!" And then to be agreeably assured of the improvements wrought by age, till each one metaphorically stroked herself with gratification! The week proved all too short for our round of enjoyments, among which we might enumerate excursions to the village shop after historic Black Jacks and Gibraltars, to the Library after such literature as Stevenson's sketches and Eleanor Putnam's "Old Salem Days" for reading aloud; unlimited indulgence on the broad hotel piazzas in past reminiscences, tales of present enjoyments and future imaginings; a drive in an ample carriage with a pair of strong horses up to the extreme point of Cape Ann on one side and down on another, through Gloucester, Rockport and aristocratic Pigeon Cove, with alternating glimpses of sea and river and wooded hill; visits to the rocks, especially to Rafe's Chasm, where, sitting in sight of the surf as it broke over the reef of Norman's Woe, the united effort of our aged heads failed to recall one connected stanza from "The Wreck of the Hesperus" which we ought to have appropriately quoted at the time, and other similar pleasures.

But all this had a climax, like other well-developed experiences,—and this came on the last day when we accepted the graceful hospitality tendered by a married member of the class living in the historic town of Concord. We rejoiced to make acquaintance with her little son,—would that he would remember us as we shall him!—and with other more ancient treasures of that old town. Our hearts needed not to be told when to thrill as we stood by the historic bridge, the Old Manse, the homes of Emerson and Alcott, and their last resting places, with those of Hawthorne and Thoreau in the beautiful cemetery quaintly known as Sleepy Hollow. Late in the afternoon we went our several ways. Perhaps the seriousness of parting was modified by the gratifying consciousness that the town had added one more to its store of historic reminiscences. Arrangements for our semi-centennial are as yet incomplete.

OUR LETTER FROM ATHENS.

[*Concluded.*]

It was a most curious and beautiful sight when the narrow street for its entire length was a slow-moving river of lights, men, women and children all carrying their slender tapers. The balconies, too, were clusters of lights, blue, green and red fire burst forth at intervals, rockets soared aloft, and fire-crackers burst on every hand. Bands of military music preceded each detachment, playing slow marches, or beating a muffled roll. All this has no very solemn sound, and it is quite true that there was none of that quality present. The Greeks around us evidently regarded the matter as an interesting spectacle, only interrupting their lively chatter to cross themselves quickly as each crucifix and *eikon* went by. But to be just, it should be said that the absolute order and quiet of the throng of people indicated that the religious character of the ceremony was not wholly forgotten.

The next day was a semi-lull, except for the perpetually clanging church-bells. People were busier than ever with the Easter preparations, fasting dutifully the while, with conflicting thoughts of the feasting after midnight. For as the burial of Christ was celebrated the evening before, so his resurrection is on the midnight of Saturday, and the Easter jubilee begins. The great square before the cathedral was filled long before twelve with a dense crowd, surrounding a high green-wreathed central platform. Everyone had his taper as before, but held it unlighted, waiting for the coming of the priests from the cathedral, where the first part of the liturgy is sung. It was but a few minutes before twelve when the banners and insignia were seen moving from the cathedral to the central platform, and then the whole square sprang into light, each one kindling his taper from his neighbor's. A prayer or two, and then the metropolitan uttered the words that all were waiting for, "'O Christos aneste" (Christ is risen), and on the word a great peal of bells clanged forth from the cathedral tower, cannon went off, rockets shot toward the sky, and everyone turned to greet his neighbor with "Christ is risen." The liturgy was soon at an end, and the great mass of people dispersed cheerfully with their burning tapers. A boy might be seen here and there breaking his fast forthwith with an Easter egg all ready for the occasion, and would most probably have echoed the sentiment of the honest lad near us, who exclaimed with much relief the moment the bells began to ring, "*Now* we can eat anything we want to!"

On our way home the lighted windows of the little Russian church invited us to enter. Its interior, jewel-like in coloring, always with its richly draped saints on golden backgrounds, and its sanctuary screen of white and gold, was tonight fairly ablaze with light and color. In the open central space surrounded by deep, dusky arches, the priests were moving about in robes of cloth-of-gold, and the Russian legation stood near, with the glitter of uniform and the white sheen of silken dresses, while sweet sonorous chanting came from an upper gallery.

We were in time to hear again the words "Christ is risen," and to see all the legation go up to kiss first the holy books and then the bishop and his priests. The ladies, of course, confined themselves to saluting the books, with the sole exception of the ambassador's wife, who went through the form of kissing the bishop, both of them managing to avoid the actuality very well. Then all the men saluted each other with the three quick kisses and a hearty hand-clap. Then from the bell-tower outside burst forth a glorious chime of bells, wonderful for thrilling sweetness and majesty of tone.

The evening seemed doubly lovely as we left at last the hot, incense-laden air of the church. As we came down past the open space of the Olympieum the moon was just rising over Hymettus, casting a veil of silver haze down its long, dark ridge, and touching the lines of the great temple columns and the Arch of Hadrian near by. Now and then the bells of some little church were heard in the distance, and great peals of cannon burst forth to be echoed all along the mountain sides.

I presume the excitement did not cease all night. Certainly on Easter Day there was not an interval of ten minutes free from cannon or bells. All go to church in the morning to receive the communion, for this is one of the four communion seasons of the year, but in the afternoon the feasting recommences, as shouting and singing from near by testified to us. Easter Monday and Tuesday are included in the festival season, Tuesday in especial being the day of the peasants' dances, those lingering monuments of national customs. We went to Megara, where the dances have always been noted.

The town of Megara, as I think I have said before, is beautifully situated on the sides of a rounded hill at a distance from the sea. Around it sweeps a plain easily measured by the eye and shut in by mountains, and this was the ancient state of Megaris. And one gets again his practical lesson on the connection of Greek geography and Greek history. A hill-fort, a cultivable plain, a mountain-barrier, and there was a state all made. But observation of the present superseded thoughts of the past when we approached the highly-dressed crowds of peasants assembled on the rocky slopes near the town. The sun beat pitilessly down on the bare rock where the dancing was going on, and not a particle of shade was to be had, save under the pine-booths erected for the occasion. No one minded the heat and light, however, but chatted and

danced merrily in the full rays of the sun, like true Southerners, amid the ceaseless din of drums and fifes and fiddles. It was one of the opportunities, now very rare, of observing the national Greek dress. The men were nearly all in white, tight jackets worn over a full shirt belted so as to form a short skirt, long hose, all of caurse, snowy cotton, and the universal red fez setting off their faces sunburnt to swarthiness.

Sometimes the dress took the more elaborate form of the full, starched fustanella, and the braided cloth or velvet jacket with wide, swinging sleeves. The women's dress varied much in richness, according to the station of the wearer. The simpler ones consisted of a white under-skirt, a shorter scant black gown, bordered with red, and a handkerchief of orange, yellow or crimson, pinned about the head. In the more beautiful costumes, however, exquisite gold-fringed scarves of transparent gauze replaced the handkerchiefs, and through the handkerchiefs glittered caps covered with gold and silver coins. With these were worn jackets of fine crimson cloth or velvet, heavily embroidered with gold thread, opening in front in full white chemises, which were often almost hidden by silver chains and strings of coins. Short, plaited black skirts with the usual white under-skirt and a gay apron completed the dress—though one should perhaps not omit to mention the singular girdle invariably worn, a long coarse brown scarf, wrapped tightly about the hips and serving with its folds as a pocket as well as a girdle. I called the coin ornaments gold and silver. Only the unmarried women wear them, and the fiction is that they represent their dowry. We were led to strongly suspect, however, that most of them were tinsel, and not representing any great value.

The dances are very simple and monotonous, though pretty enough to watch on account of the brilliant dresses. Sometimes the women form in long lines and dance back and forth, up and down with slow, rhythmic steps, sometimes they join in circles led by a single man. I remember one especially picturesque dance of this sort where a superb, stalwart young peasant was leading a glittering coil of silken-scarved maidens about the centre formed by two musicians handsome as himself, thrumming a violin and a mandolin. Then the men dance by themselves, sometimes in circles, or perhaps only two together, with lively springs and varied pirouettes.

I was struck more than a little by a certain sedate gravity pervading the manners of the peasants. When they danced it was with intent, serious faces, when they talked, it was quietly, though never without the gestures, inseparable from the Greek as its accents; there was no romping, no quarreling, no coquetting, the men and the women, indeed, seldom talking together, above all the children as well-behaved as their elders.

It was pleasant to leave the crowd and the monotonous drums behind, and wander up over the rocky knoll crowned by two ruined windmills toward the town. The sea-breeze blew fresh and cool, one had a wide outlook over the bare sunny plain and the sea in front, and the richer wheat-fields and olive-trees behind. Tiny maidens wandered about looking like little old women in long gowns and kerchiefs pinned about round, grave faces, groups of boys were pitching coppers sedately, patriarchal old priests in flapping robes and high hats strolled around with a contented air, and the patient little donkeys were getting a blessed respite from toil by the road and in the narrow bits of wheat-field.

We found the upper part of the town very interesting. The low houses of mud and plastered stone are built in terraces so that one can walk out from the road upon the roofs of the houses below. The court-yards serve as stables, of course, for the cows and donkeys, but everything seemed fairly neat and clean, not a few huts, indeed, being radiant with fresh white-wash within and without. Our scanty Greek, eked out by smiles, earned us a welcome from a strong, sensible-faced peasant woman into her one dimly-lighted room, with earthern floor, where she and her daughter-in-law with half-a-dozen children lived and ate and slept. We made the acquaintance of an infant Demosthenes in a wooden cradle, who stared at us with a severe dignity which even his immortal namesake could not have surpassed. It was only by a speedy departure that we escaped the hospitality that the good woman was eager to press upon us, and as it was, we must each perforce accept an Easter egg.

The lower part of the town can boast of two-story frame houses and broader streets, but, though more satisfactory from an economical point of view, it was less so from a picturesque one, and we did not linger in it.

On our way home we stopped at Eleusis. Antiquities must not enter into this letter — far too long already — but Eleusis contained one charming modern bit for us that afternoon, for whom should we meet at the very threshold of Demeter's great sanctuary but Mrs. Palmer! looking, too, as though rest and Europe were agreeing with her admirably, and we felt that this aws the crowning touch to a delightful day.

Emily Norcross, '80.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

By an almost unanimous vote of the students, Trinity has withdrawn from the New England Intercollegiate Baseball League.

Pennsylvania University.—The College Faculty have recommended the Board of Trustees to admit women students to all courses of study.

Elias Loomis, for the last thirty years Professor of Astronomy in Yale, has just left the college the income of an estate of nearly $275,000, to encourage and reward astronomical research.

"The Frolic," an informal reception given by the Juniors of Smith to the Freshmen, was held in the gymnasium, Sept. 18, and afforded a very enjoyable evening both to the hostesses and their guests.

Mr. J. H. Southworth, who recently gave $10,000 to Amherst College, has sent a check for $5,000 to Mount Holyoke College to aid a fund the income of which is to be used to assist deserving students.

The resignation of President James H. Fairchild of Oberlin was accepted at the last commencement. No one has yet been found for the place. Pres. Fairchild has established a professorship of $50,000 which has been added to the permanent endowment of the college.

Cornell University.—While the students have been absent on their summer vacation the university has made giant strides with the library, chemical and civil engineering buildings. These, together with several new houses, change quite considerably the aspect of the campus.

Vassar College.—The beautiful new gymnasium, the gift of the alumnæ, was completed during the summer, and many other improvements made in the main building and in the grounds. The art collection has been extended, and includes now a gallery of valuable casts.

A department of instruction in biology has been added to the others.

Again, as has been the case for the past three years, Yale leads the colleges in the number of athletic championships won. By gaining the football, baseball, track athletic, and rowing championships, Yale has a quadruple victory. Harvard comes next with her Freshmen race over Columbia and the tennis singles and doubles. The University of Pennsylvania holds third place by winning the Freshman race with Yale and the cricket championship. Cornell holds the rowing championship among the minor colleges, and Princeton has the lacrosse championship.—*Yale News.*

[In quoting the above, *The Pennsylvanian* justly inserts a question mark after *minor*.]

OUR OUTLOOK.

Three sisters, the M'lles. Welt, of Austria, have lately passed examination on the honor list for the doctor's degree at the University of Vienna. Two of the sisters have come to practice in America, while the third remains in her native town of Czernowitz.

"The working woman is having some difficulties yet in the matter of getting her due, but she is gradually gaining. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact that the organizations controlled by men are only too anxious to get women who are at work in connection with the various trades to co-operate with them." John Fitzgerald in the *New York Mail and Express.*

Miss Saine L. Bull of Alaska was appointed a copyist in the Interior Department, Tuesday, on certification from the Civil Service Commission. Miss Bull is the first person appointed to the departmental service from Alaska.

The Minnesota State University has established a school of journalism, and placed at its head a lady who has had some experience with newspaper work. "Professor" Sanford, as she is called, will edit the copy of her staff of writers, and will have it printed in some local journal. She herself will act as managing editor.

Five women have been appointed sanitary police in Chicago. Their duty is to inspect factories and tenements to care for the health of working women.

Mrs. John A. Logan is suggested for pension commissioner. The president might make a worse selection. Mrs. Logan is a woman of great ability and tact. But the time has not yet come when women will be heads of departments or bureaus at Washington.

Miss Leila J. Robinson and Miss Mary A. Greene, two Boston lawyers have formed a club known as the "Portia Club." All women who have studied or are studying law in Boston, with the intention of practising it, are included in its membership.

Mrs. Livermore has an interesting article in the *Woman's Journal* for Sept. 27. "Let Women Study Politics."

"Mme Dejerine Klumpke, who recently obtained the degree of "M. D." at the Paris Faculty of Medicine, with high honors, is one of three gifted sisters. One, Anna Klumpke, is a successful artist, and the third holds a responsible position at the Paris Observatory, where she has become known as an astronomer of high merit. Mme. Dejerine Klumpke has already written several standard works on nervous pathology, and was awarded the Godard prize by the Academy of Medicine two years ago."—*Women's Journal.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

M.ark E.xceedingly B.rilliant R.ing.

FIRST FRESHMAN (wistfully): I do so wish I were an old girl, don't you?

SECOND DITTO, (sympathetically): Yes, indeed. Then I would feel that I were a part of this grand institution, and——

FIRST F., (hastily): Oh yes, but I was thinking how perfectly lovely it would be to have someone rush up to you and say, "Oh you *dear* thing!"

SECOND F., (with a sudden inspiration): But why need we wait till then? You go down that corridor and I will go down this and then we will meet in the center in true Wellesley style.

Exit. Entrance. Tableau.

He that spring had gone from Harvard,
With his sheep-skin in his hand,
And she had left fair Wellesley,
When sweet June reigned o'er the land.

And, walking by the summer sea,
They talked of many things,—
Of future, past, and present,
Of democracies and kings.

"Do you think me such a man," he said,
He spoke with manly pride—
"As to let my light, my glorious light,
Beneath a *bushel* hide?"

He listened for her soft reply,
Which came to him with speed,
"I think a *pint-cup*, sir," she said,
"Would answer all your need."

INSTRUCTOR IN LOGIC: Miss B—, is Henry VIII. a relative or an absolute term?

BRIGHT JUNIOR, (*decidedly*): Relative.

INSTRUCTOR: With what is the name, Henry VIII., closely connected in your mind?

B. J.: His wives.

THE spirit of enterprize in the West has taken possession even of the small boy. Two or three of this genus carried a basket, containing the heads of a number of sparrows, to a city official to claim the reward offered for them. The official remarked, "But these seem to be exceedingly small heads; you must have killed very young birds." "Oh, yes," replied one of the youngsters, "we don't kill the mother-birds. We want more of them."

Scene, Mid-ocean:

FIRST ENGLISHMAN: Why, how are you? I didn't know you were aboard. Going across?

SECOND DITTO: Yes, are you?

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Critic for Sept. 14, publishes several letters which gives some redeeming features concerning the "Households of Women" attacked in the number for Aug. 24. But there is no letter from Wellesley, though Miss Wheeler declared the atmosphere at Wellesley to be "distinctly unwholesome." Of course a colony of more than three hundred women in one house is an abnormal state of affairs, and the atmosphere must be "unwholesome." However, we are banishing many evils by the cottage system. Why does not Miss Wheeler state that co-education is what is needed?

The Westminister Review for Sept.—The writer of "Home Rule and Imperial Federation" thinks that Home Rule and Imperial Federation should be looked upon as parts of one scheme, and that if this is gained, Ireland will get Home Rule with no great difficulty.—"Diderot," who burst into peals of laughter at the thought of his writings being published, might be surprised to know that he "appears before us now as a spirit of the latter nineteenth century, at one with our aspirations to-day. * * Everything that Diderot touched he vitalized. There were few things that he left untouched. He touched all the social questions which absorb our attention to-day."—"The Religion of Rome during the Third Century" is a summary of the points of a book which is written to prove that it was "not Christianity alone that changed the civilized world from Paganism to Christianity." This article will be helpful to students of Course II in History.—"Women in Public Life" is an argument of this kind: "how can active benevolence make people unrefined? In its best form, political life really does mean active benevolence; and the notion that by taking part in it ladies would lose their native delicacy is utterly unreasonable, and in direct contradiction to the teachings of experience."—"How to Nationalize the Land" proposes that the whole land must be brought under national control; that that control must be unrestricted by any personal interest, and must, in agricultural land, include buildings and all accessories."—The theory of "Practicable Socialism," that much good may be accomplished by carrying out and developing laws already existing, without a revolution," is true for America as well as for England.

The Popular Science Monthly for Sept. has many good things. "A Study from Life" of an amusing little lemur, and "Animal Life in the Gulf Stream" are attractive to lovers of Natural History.—"The Surface Tension of Liquids" and "Some Modern Aspects of Geology" call for the attention of physicists and geologists.—"Recent Economic Changes," "The Etrical View of Protection" and "The Origin of the Rights of Property" will interest students of Political Economy.

Harper's for Oct. opens with a poem by Lucy Larcom, entitled "Discovery."—Theodore Child in another article on Russia, takes us with him to the "Fair of Nijnii-Norgorod."—Austin Dobson, in a poem "The Noble Patron," illustrated by Abbey, shows the advantage to young authors of such a magazine as *The Prelude*."—"Butterneggs, a Story of Heredity" is an amusing tale, with a possible moral.—Any who

think of studying medicine should read "Recent Progress in Surgery."—"With the Eyes Shut" Edward Bellamy's imaginative machinery turns out countless innovations yet to come.—Howard Pyle has an interesting account of "A Peculiar People," the Dunkers. Mr. Pyle illustrates his own article.—"A Corner of Scotland worth Knowing" is on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, renowned for ruined castles and island rocks.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Plato: Protagoras. With the commentary of Hermann Sauppe translated with additions by James A. Towle. Boston: Ginn & Co. A book is judged by the thought which it incarnates and by the form in which the thought is embodied. And, since personality is the strongest force in life, the greatest books are reflections of noble characters. Measured by any one of these standards, the works of Plato stand pre-eminent in the world of books. He is a consummate master of literary forms as well as a deep, true thinker, and his writings are alive with the personality of Sokrates, a great-souled apostle of the truth. Plato's philosophy is his own, growing far away from the vigorous ethical teaching of the master who wakened him to spiritual consciousness, but the man Sokrates may be distinguished from the un-Sokratic teachings which Plato often attributes to him. His figure stands out clear in the earlier Platonic dialogues, and among these the *Protagoras* is especially delightful from its brilliant wit, dramatic power, and clever characterizations. A college edition of the *Protagoras* has long been needed, and Mr. J. A. Towle's adaptation of Sauppe's scholarly edition offers, to the student and to the reader, biographical and philosophical notes, illustrative quotations, and grammatical explanations. An appendix includes variant readings and critical notes on the text. Like the others of the series, the book is carefully indexed.

The Crime of Henry Vane. By F. J. Stinson. New York: Chas. Scribner's Son's, paper, 50c. *The Crime of Henry Vane* is an improbable story given with pleasing candor. The book is full of peculiar ideas. The hero, a young man who knows literally nothing of business and has not even a "friend at court," pacifies his father's creditors with merely a glance from his honest eye, and persuades them not to press their claims for a space of three years, no one of the creditors having ever seen the young man, or known anything whatever of him formerly. Of course he carries out his plans, and at the end of the stipulated three years has not only paid his father's debts in full, kept his mother under most expensive treatment for insanity in France, but he has himself made the somewhat extraordinary leap from a salary of $300 per year to one of $6000. Such experiences would be most convenient in ordinary life, but, unfortunately for our work-a-day world, it is but seldom that they occur except in books like this. The style of the book is plain, rather conversational; the vocabulary is hardly rich or we might sometimes expect to find Miss Thomas described otherwise than by her "dead black hair." The mystery implied in the title keeps up a languid interest to the close, but if selfishness is sin, it is not to Vane alone that crime should be attributed.

Aus meiner Welt. By M. Meissner, instructor of German in Dresden. Edited, with a vocabulary, by Carla Wenckebach, Professor of the German Language and Literature in Wellesley College. New York: Henry Holt & Co. The author of *Aus meiner Welt* supplies a long felt need in this country. She has given us a collection of short entertaining stories for the use of elementary classes in German, or for sight reading in more advanced classes. The work is admirably adapted to fulfill the purpose for which it was designed. While the stories show the greatest simplicity in language and construction, they are yet full of thought and meaning, and both young and old will find them easy and delightful reading, quite free from many of the serious difficulties one meets in most of the stories that are now used by elementary classes. The author is herself a teacher and has enriched the work with the fruit of her own experience. She wrote her stories especially for the use of her English and American students, and made them simple in style, and yet not childish in thought. For use in elementary classes, therefore, they are far superior to the Grimm and Andersen Märchen which were never written for school work, and so present many technical difficulties to the beginner. Miss Meissner paints her picture of life with rare skill and truthfulness, blending, with most exquisite touch, the lights and the shadows, the pathos and the humor. This is the first time that the book has been issued in this country, and we feel sure that it will be found most helpful and satisfactory to all teachers of German.

Im Zwielicht I. and II. Selections from Rudolf Baumbach's prose writings. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt, Washington High School, Washington, D. C. Boston: Carl Schoenhof, per vol. 75c. Dr. Bernhardt's "Series for the study of German" are already used and appreciated by many teachers of the language in this country. These two volumes are intended to furnish a course of readings in German prose, the first for beginners, the second for intermediate classes. Both volumes have German-English vocabularies, and full English notes, removing all difficulties in translation and explaining all references to German traditions and customs, thus enabling the student to get more from reading the stories than the mere discipline and drill of translating. The first volume has also carefully prepared oral exercises upon each story. The stories themselves are taken from the "Märchen und Erzählungen" of Rudolf Baumbach, one of Germany's most charming modern poets and story-tellers, and though written in prose, show throughout the creative fancy and fresh imagination of the poet. The writer takes us back to the days when fairy tales had a recognized place, and makes us fain to renew our old belief in fairies and wood spirits. He brings us into sympathy with every bird and flower, and charms us with his quaint traditions, his pleasing humor, and his realistic pictures of nature. Dr. Bernhardt says, "Baumbach combines, with remarkable dexterity and poetic genius, the realistic and the fanciful; a circumcumstance which induced me to present the stories contained in this volume under the title "Im Zwielicht." The stories for beginners are somewhat more difficult than Miss Meissner's, and might well be preceded by a course of reading from *Aus meiner Welt*. From a pedagogical point of view, *Aus meiner Welt*, followed by the the two volumes of *Im Zwielicht* would form a perfect course in first readings in German prose.

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